Reach Out

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/291495.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Justified
Relationship:	Raylan Givens/Tim Gutterson
Characters:	Raylan Givens, Tim Gutterson
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe, Flashback, Undercover
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Undercover in a Gay Bar
Stats:	Published: 2011-12-10 Words: 1,216 Chapters: 1/1

Reach Out

by norgbelulah

Summary

Alternatively titled Undercover in a Gay Bar, Miami!AU-style.

Notes

Written for ozmissage for the holiday gift fic meme. As we discussed, I could only write Raylan/Tim in an AU situation, but I got really into this little scenario.

It takes six months for the Tommy Bucks thing to blow over, which Raylan feels is a little long. He only shot the man in the goddamn leg, but no matter how many times he tells Dan that it was justified, that Bucks was going to pull, they punish him by saddling him with the rookie.

Okay, so maybe Deputy Gutterson isn't exactly a rookie. But a farm-boy from horse country turned-sniper for the Army Rangers, isn't necessarily the man you want at your back in a close-quarter stand-off with three Cuban gangsters.

Well, it could be that they'd gotten into this mess because Raylan flubbed his Spanish, but Gutterson doesn't speak a lick at all. Which makes absolutely no sense whatsoever and prompts Raylan to wonder every once in a while whose cock the boy sucked in order to get that posting.

All right, perhaps a crack-shot is who you want when the littlest gangster pulls out his ivory handled revolver. But Raylan decides not to think too hard about it after they get the other two in custody.

The only thing Raylan really likes about the boy is his bone dry wit, sarcastic to the very core. It's a nice little compliment to Raylan's good-natured humor and it makes the day go faster. He's also pretty smart, fast to pick up Raylan's occasional improvisation of the rules. This usually works out for them. So, maybe it's not really that bad.

They work fugitives together for three months before the Santino case comes across their collective desk. By then, they've adopted a symbiotic relationship. Raylan does most of the talking, Tim looks bored and shoots when necessary. They both seem to like it and they have a superior arrest rate, Dan says all the other chiefs are jealous.

But, the Santino case is a weird one. Raylan knows there is a logical, explainable progression to how they ended up badge-less and gun-less, undercover in a gay club on the Miami Beach strip, but really, as he's staring down Santino, reaching for his absent weapon, he can't think of it.

And the terrible thing is, he can't think of anything as Santino, club owner and former gang enforcer, who's in violation of his parole by being within 1,000 feet of his business partner and former boyfriend, asks him what the fuck he is looking at.

Santino isn't even supposed to be there. All Raylan and Tim were going to do tonight was go talk to the boyfriend, see if he had seen the man. They went in quiet, undercover to protect the witness. Santino had been seen getting on a goddamn plane three hours before, yet another clear violation of his parole.

And in all the confusion of what should and should not be happening right now, Raylan's cover story has slipped clear out of his head.

One would probably wonder how a seasoned law enforcement officer, such as Deputy US Marshal Raylan Givens, would forget such an important thing as a cover ID and story while

in the middle of an operation. But Raylan doesn't, he's too busy having a flashback to his harrowing trek through the Nicaraguan jungle, during the entirety of which he'd had an uzi aimed at him by a man who looks remarkably like Santino.

In the back of Raylan's mind, he knows that Santino is the prick with the uzi's twin brother. He knows a lot of things about the connections between these two guys and Gio and the gun running through Latin America. And Raylan *knows* he's not in Nicaragua and that a man is not about to be blown to hell by a stick of dynamite in his mouth, but the room is fucking *green* and there are goddamn plants everywhere and Uzi is staring at him with that fucking look.

"*There* you are," a familiar voice calls from behind him.

Raylan feels his disorientation start to spin out and he's still reaching for his sidearm, but he knows it's not there.

"Ray, baby," Tim says sweetly, "you disappeared on me."

Tim's hand comes around the back of Raylan's neck before he even gets a glimpse of the boy out of the corner of his eye. He's just there, a solid presence at Raylan's back, then right next to him, looking fondly into his eyes and Raylan can barely think of why he would be touching him like that.

Tim turns to Santino in the next moment. "Sorry, man, I let him have half an E. He tends to wander when he's high," the boy says and fucking *winks*. He winks at Santino.

Santino says something back, Raylan doesn't know why he's not listening, maybe it's because Tim is still touching him, lightly, at the nape of his neck.

"Come on, baby," Tim says softly, near Raylan's ear, and Raylan almost startles away, but he stops himself, forces a smile. He heard Tim say he's high, so he tries to act a little high. It's not hard. He still feels weirdly out of it. Tim's other hand clasps around his elbow, pulling him away. "Let's get a cab," he says.

And they walk away together. Tim's hand rests flat against the small of Raylan's back, warm through the layers of his shirt and jacket. And Raylan reaches up somehow and grasps hard at the thin fabric of Tim's t-shirt at the shoulder.

When they get outside Tim pushes him back to lean against the cool stucco of the building, muttering about how the operation is shot anyway, they might as well get the fuck out of there. Raylan's head is still spinning, he drags a hand across his eyes.

"Hey," Tim is saying now, "hey, are you okay?"

"Yeah," Raylan lies, and doesn't open his eyes. "It's--"

"Nicaragua," Tim finishes and Raylan looks at him. The girls in the office put gel in his hair when they heard about the op. It's more than usual and it looks strange. Raylan wants to mess it up, get it off him.

“No, it’s--” Raylan can’t continue, not sure what to say. To his recollection, he’s never spoken to Tim about that, ever.

“Dan told me the particulars,” Tim replies, leaning in close. The sidewalk is narrow and a bunch of people are leaving the club, crowding the area. “You thought he wouldn’t?”

Raylan shakes his head. The crowd is pushing Tim closer and he’s looking around, a little bit cagey, like he’s not sure what’s going to come at them next. “I really can’t say I thought about it at all.”

Tim looks into his eyes, smirks, in his way. “Yeah, I figured.” Then he stops. Stops everything, talking, looking, moving, and something dark comes into his eyes, something deep. He’s still real close to Raylan, their bodies pressed up against each other, though the people are all piling into cabs.

“Listen,” Tim says. “I don’t want you to take this the wrong way,” and he kisses him, lightly, on the mouth.

When Raylan kisses back, opening his mouth, letting Tim meet his tongue, warm and wet and somehow right, Tim groans a little and presses him harder against the wall. And when they break apart, Raylan smiles and asks, “Was that the wrong way or the right way?”

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!